Miscellany.

MR. MORRILL OF VERMONT.

The Patriarch of the United States Senate.

Mr. Morril's recent speech on the financial policy of the administration has brought him letters of praise and commendation from all over the country. The strongest in approval, and the most gratifying naturally, have come from the very centers of democracy. It was from every point of view a remarkable speech, and equals, if not excels, any of his previous efforts on similar subjects. When one remembers that Senator Morrill has already passed his eighty-fourth birthday, and last summer suffered a long and tedious illness, this fact is worthy of note. His intellectual performances at so advanced an age are equalled by only one other living man, Gladstone, and his career has been almost as remarkable in its way as that of the great English statesman. Mr. Morril tells a story of meeting one of his constituents in his travels about the country.

"Be ye Justin Morrill?" asked the granger, surprised.

"Yes," answered the senator, "I am Justin Morrill."

"Waal, yer ain't nigh onto as big a man as I thought yer was."

The student of history will experience no such disappointment. Mr. Morrill's career is unique in many ways. For thirty-nine consecutive years he has represented the people of Vermont in Senate and House. A longer term of continuous service than any one man has known in the history of our government, with the exception of Samuel Smith of Maryland, who served from 1793 to 1833. Since his first few terms in the House, and after the birth of the Morrill tariff, his political position at home has been an invulnerable one. He has been returned term after term without effort on his part. Only recently in conversation with one of his constituents, Senator Morrill remarked that his political life would soon be at an end, and there would be room for some one else.

"No," said the listener. "As long as you live you must represent Vermont in the Senate. The other fellows can wait."

This is the feeling all over the state, and "the other fellows" realize that they must wait. The loyality of the people to him, his hold upon their affections and their belief in the integrity of his purposes is a matter for wonder in our fickle times. The reason for this is not apparent from a superficial knowledge of the man, for he possesses in no degree the personal magnetism which made Mr. Blaine's following.

Happily Senator Morrill is in unusual health and spirits this winter. No one of his colleagues is as regular in attendance at the Senate. During the inclement and bitter weather of last week even he was in his seat every day. The only change he has made in the habits of years is that he leaves the Capitol a trifle earlier than formerly. In appearance Senator Morrill has altered very little in the last twenty years. His hair, which falls in curls over a broad and prominent forehead, is, perhaps, grayer, and the lines in his face are deeper. His slender, loosely built figure has the same slight stoop between the shoulders, his face the same kindly expression which is so familiar to all those who frequent the senate galleries. His whole personality suggests strength, ruggedness, stability. In this Mr. Morrill is a true exponent of Green Mountain civilization, and there is a question if there is any better civilization, more honest, simpler, nobler or freer from trickery and guile. The god of the people in this section is accomplishment. Everything is made to do duty for this end. The men and women who show tangible proof that they have not been idle are the heroes and heroines. This may in a measure explain Senator Morrill's popularity. His life has been singularly rich in accomplishment. He possesses the indomitable perseverance which recognizes no obstacles—for him they do not exist, and is impossible of attainment. Again, Senator Morrill is never idle. Every moment of his life is occupied, and this habit of methodical and systematic work he acquired in early life. In this hurrying end of the century he never seems to be in a hurry, and yet his work is always done. There are no clamors from angry constitutents of unanswered letters. He never speaks unless he has something to say, and that something is always of value. His English is classic in its directness, simplicity and force, and what he says has been thought out with a conscientious deliberation that is characteristic.

On his birthdays it has long been Mr. Morrill's custom to gather his friends about him. These gatherings are very remarkable in that all the distinguished men and women in town come together in honor of the venerable statesman. It was at one of these birthday parties a colleague said of Mr. Morrill that he probably made fewer mistakes than any other man in public life. Indeed, he could recall no mistakes for which he was responsible, an unusual record for a public man. This he attributed to fact that Mr. Morrill was so dispassionate, so deliberate, so invariably controlled by his reason. In his policy and speeches there have been no weak places, no unprotected points.

In manners he is simple, direct, earnest with the old school courtesy and reserve. His manner would almost be called cold, but it is a barrier of defence against the mob of office-seekers and those who have axes to grind. Mr. Morrill is far removed from that school of public men who are hail-fellows-well-met — promise much and perform little. He is careful to perform more than he promises, and the smallest details are not beneath his attention. In his intercourse with his colleagues he is cordial and responsive, and does his share of the story telling, which obtains more or less in the committee rooms at the capitol. Mr. Morrill has never been a club-man, and is not what is known as a "man's man," but he has a genial social side to his nature. He is cordially hospital and delights to gather his friends around his hearthstone, both here and at home. He is a famous whist player, and the after dinner rubber, when he has some statesmen of like proclivity for a partner and opponents, is an institution in his home. Formerly he was much in evidence in social life, but in these late days the large and crowded receptions tire him and he limits his acceptances to dinners.

Senator Morrill is somewhat of a bookworm, and reading is now, as it always has been, the greatest pleasure and relaxation to him. He cares, however, very little for fiction. "Trilby" has probably not fallen in his way. He is very fond of biography, and does a great deal of reading on this line. Several years ago he compiled an interesting book on the "Self-Consciousness of Noted Persons," which is a proof in itself how broad and comprehensive his reading has been.

The freedom from concern about his political affairs at home has given Mr. Morrill opportunity to accomplish a vast amount of general legislation. After his interest in the financial questions and the tariff, the public buildings and the grounds, the library building and the Smithsonian have claimed his attention. In everything that means culture and education for the people he is especially active, and his views on such topics are modern and progressive. The beautiful new library so near completion owes its existence to Senator Morrill, who had a faithful champion on the democratic side in the person of Senator Voorhees. The original plan was to buy at the same time the library square was purchased the square opposite and to erect a building for the supreme court. This idea was too colossal for the grasp of congress, although doubtless it will one day be put into execution.

Mr. Morrill has a charming home in Thomas Circle, one of the most agreeable quarters of town. The house is an old-fashioned and roomy one, into which the sun pours from every side. In the front drawing-room there is a marble bust of the senator by his friend Powers, and over the mantle there hangs a portrait by Eastman Johnson, which, of the portraits painted of the senator, is the one preferred by his family. His summers he spends at home in Strafford, among his old friends and neighbors. A quiet restful existence, the time divided between his flower garden, his library and rides through the hills. The first week after the homecoming is a busy one, taken up with receiving and making visits.

New England people are generally supposed to be undemonstrative. But now and then they are awakened to real enthusiasm. Last summer at Montpelier, Mr. Morrill received a veritable ovation at their hands. The occasion was the unveiling of Mr. Morrill's portrait, presented by the artist, T. W. Wood, to the Vermont Historical Society. The enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds when their senior senator appeared before them, and they cheered themselves hoarse on his account. In the course of his speech Mr. Morrill made the following allusion to an incident which happened during the war:

"In the early days of the late war," he said, "my picture was put forth by a rebel Virginia newspaper, with an advertisement offering a reward for me, dead or alive, of $25. That was usually offered for the recovery of runaway slaves, and they described me as 'a person who would be expected to have been the author of 'Yankee Doodle' than of the infernal tariff of 1861.' The picture was, of course, pleasing to the old masters of the South, being after the satanic manner of Hogarth's Jack Arikes, and I have not learned that it has been made immortal by preservation in any of their historical societies, it will be for posterity to say, if posterity should ever trouble itself to say anything about it, whether or not Vermonters made a mistake in not surrendering me for the $25 Virginia reward."—[Washington letter to New York Tribune.

PROMINENT PERSONALS.

Paderewski's father, who died recently, was 64 years old, but looked 80. He was made prematurely old by a seven years' imprisonment in Siberia.

Henry Walters, the only son of the late William T. Walters, the art collector, has recently announced that the splendid collection of paintings, ceramics and bronzes left by his father shall remain intact in Baltimore.

Professor Neumann, of the University of Koenigsburg, is 96 years of age, and for sixty-six years has been lecturing continuously on physics and mineralogy. He is the oldest professor in active work in Germany.

The famous Russian entomologist, Hugo Christoph, died the other day in St. Petersburg. He was born in Germany in 1831, but went to Russia In 1858, becoming a professor in Sarepta. He traveled over half the known world, and discovered a large number of new insects.

Among recently cabled statements regarding the Czar is one that he "has an income of $12,500,000 a year." As a matter of fact, the Czar's private treasury is practically inexhaustible, for he has no settled civil list, but draws what he likes from the imperial exchequer, every rouble in which is supposed to belong to him.

Miss Dorothea Klumpke, the California lady who has attracted much attention lately in Paris for her work in astronomical research, has been made a doctor of mathematics by the University of the Sorbonne, after passing an excellent examination. This degree is now for the first time conferred upon a woman in France.

Paintings and designs by Bartram Hiles, an armless artist, are now on exhibition in London. Mr. Hiles lost his arms, close to the shoulder, when a child, by being run over by a horse car, and is obliged to paint holding the brush between his lips. He won, nevertheless, in open competition, the national scholarship of $500 a year at South Kensington, and at the same time obtained a first prize for modeling in clay. He paints landscape.

Rubinstein has probably traveled more than any other virtuoso. In his time he has made many fortunes, and given them away to the poor in Russia. During the famine which raged among the Russian peasants a few years ago, he journeyed to Vienna, Moscow and St. Petersburg to play for charity. The price of seats rose to unheard-of figures, but every penny of the money went to the starving farmers. It is said that in the course of 28 years the sum which he thus disposed of amounted to $250,000.

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